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ROSLIN CASTLE'S
GARLAND,

Beautified with Five excellent

NEW SONGS.

1. *Roslin Castle.*
2. *The Answer.*
3. *The new way of the Bonny Moor Hen.*
4. *The Wandering Shepherd's.*
5. *The Bristol Wedding.*



Licensed and entered according to Order.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

T'Was in the season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay.
 Of Celia's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Celia rung,
 While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake my love, the breathing spring,
 With rapture calls, awake and sing,
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 Who hails the morning with a song;
 To Celia with a chearful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away,
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark my love on every spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes it's lay,
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song;
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Celia's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O hark my love, thy Colin's lay,
 With rapture calls, O come away,
 Come while the muse this wreath shall twine,
 Around that modest brow of thine;
 O hither haste and with thee bring,
 That beaury blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

The Answer.

FROM Roslin Castle's echoing walls,
 Refounds my Shepherd's ardent calls,
 My Colin bids me come away,
 And love demands I should obey;
 His melting strain and tuneful lay,
 So much the charms of love display,
 I yield, no longer can refrain,
 To own my love and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal,
 The painful pleasing flame I feel,
 My soul retorts the amorous strain,
 And echoes back in love again.
 Where lurks my Songster? from what grove,
 Does Colin pour his notes of love?
 O bring me to the happy bower,
 Where mutual love may bliss secure.

Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
 Repeating as it flies along.

To Colin's ear my strain convey,
 And say I haste to come away;
 Ye Zephyrs soft that fan the gale,
 Waft to my love the soothing tale,
 In whispers all my soul express,
 And tell I haste his arms to bless;
 Whilst Roslin Castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the chearful strain.

The new way of the bonny Moor Hen.

EARLY one morning away I did steer,
 With my gun and dog the morning being clear,
 I shot at a bird which they call the Moor hen,
 And now I have gotten the prize in my hand.

Bonny lass lend me your hand if you can,
 Canny lass lend me your hand if you can;
 To lend you my hand I am not at a stand,
 Since marriage and courage has sealed up the band.

My bonny moor hen has feathers anew,
 She has different colours but none of them blue,
 And something else you know what I mean,
 Which I love better than her bonny blue een.

I hope all her wooers will now be at rest,
 Since I in due season have harried the nest,
 For their endeavours have proved in vain,
 They never could shoot at my bonny Moor Hen.

The Laird of Shillock is blind of an eye,
 And Geordy's sand blind he cannot well see:
 Their firelocks being rusty and could not well bend,
 Made them miss the shot of the bonny Moor Hen.

Horse coupers and drovers a wooing they went,
 Their hounds being slow they tossed their scent,
 O'er mosses and moors and many a glen,
 But never could catch my bonny Moor Hen.

Now all you cull wooers I speak to your shame,
In courting the lasses you're surely to blame,
In courting the lasses I can't call you men,
Since you lost the shot of the bonny Moor Hen.

O blest be the day that with her I met,
For now my young charmer's begun for to cleck,
Instead of one young one she has brought two,
To see what my bonny Moor Hen she can do.

Bonny lads lend me your hand if you can,
Canny lads lend me your hand if you can,
To lend you my hand, I am not at a stand,
Since marriage and courage has seal'd up the band

~~THE WANDERING SHEPHERDESSES, OR THE WONDER OF LOVE,~~

*The wandering Shepherdess, or the wonder of Love;
in this present Age, &c.*

COME all you old Misers, who heap up your gold,
For to ruin your children who's love's oft controul'd,
By such old fractious parents, who 'gainst wedlock proves foe
Which oft proves young lovers ruin, and sad overthrow.

In the County of Exeter, there lived a rich 'Squire,
Who had a young daughter, by birth-right his heir,
But she loved a young Shepherd, far below her degree,
Which alas! proved their ruin and sad misery.

When her father came to know it in a passion he did go,
And he slew the young shepherd, with one fatal blow,
While he lay bleeding, this young lady drew near:
And she raved, as distracted, for the loss of her dear.

O curs'd be your riches, since to true love such a foe,
For my joys are transformed to a life of deep woe,
Then said the dying Shepherd, no, my love stays with you,
What's mine shall evince it as the flock you go through.

They're fifteen in number, my flock is but small,
And is all I have saved, since I knew the Shepherd's Hall,
Love, they will attend you, where ever you go,
And be your companions, thro' the hail, wind, and snow.
Then

Then she took up his pole, his hat and his plaid,
 And as a painful shepherdes ever since she's array'd :
 O she went thro' the flock. and his sheep to her came,
 All a bleating, her intreating, his love to proclaim.

O she wept and lamented, and away she did go :
 And still they attend her, thro' the cold, rain, and snow,
 As her shepherd's no more, and her father soon died,
 For the loss of his child, and the murder beside :

But still she keeps a wandering with her sheep for to shew,
 That true love is more powerful, than old maid's do know,
 She has travelled over England, now to Scotland she's come,
 For to shew love's controllers, what may be their doom.

For such an instance of true love dumb brutes ne'er did
 shew

In respect they have to her, and obeying her so,
 The old Ram she calls Charlie, and Char'ooe the Ewe,
 As Andrew and Sally, their own names they all know :

When she wants them for to tarry on any green plain,
 Now says she you must stay here until I come again ;
 They with humble submission, they always do so,
 But when the long tarries then a mourning they go :

With bleating and treating they seem to lament,
 And when she returns, then they run to her bent.
 And by the way of their welcome bleats up in her face,
 And such instance of love, was never known in such beast

She is no impostor, it's very well known,
 Asking no supply. but still lives on her own ;
 And if she'd return to her Father's bright Hall,
 She might live in great splendor, but that she never shall.

But says, that she'll wander, till death end the strife,
 In lamenting her Shepherd, as she was not his wife,
 And thro' many strange countries, with her flock loves to go,
 For to shew cruel parents, what true love can do.

The BRISTOL Wedding.

NIGH Bristol their liv'd a rich squire we hear,
 And he has a beautiful Daughter so fair,
 Great persons of Honour did still wait upon her,
 In hopes for to gain this young Lady so fair.

There was a young Sailor she still did admire,
 Who oft in her Company there he had been;
 Unknown to her father he came in fine weather,
 When he knew that the road was both fair and clean.

But a Lord of the Manor he came for to gain her,
 And he was an old Man as plain doth appear,
 And he above all other so pleas'd the father,
 As soon as the Father he came for to hear.

Being pleas'd with the offer he said to his Daughter,
 Here is a rich Match I've provided for thee,
 So make no denial, for he's truly loyal,
 And I am resolv'd your Wedding to see.

Is this a Patron to wed such a Matron,
 A man that is fitting my Father to be;
 The grave may receive him, I ne'er shall have him,
 There's none I can love but the Sailor, said she.

O Nanny, give over! thy passion give over,
 To talk of this thing it is but in vain,
 A Sailor to marry, that can't with you tarry,
 Who gains all his bread thro' Cold, Wind, and Rain.

Says beautiful Nancy, O he is my fancy!
 I never shall wed a Man that is old;
 A Fig for his money, for I'll have young Johnny,
 There's none I adore but a Sailor so bold.

To hear of her Notion he was in a passion,
 He stamp'd with his foot and bounc'd with his knee,
 Saying, I pray you forsake him, for if you do take him,
 Banished from me he ever shall be.

To talk 'tis a Folly, for he's brisk and jolly,
 I never shall marry a Man that is old ;
 I never will do it although I should rue it,
 There's none I adore but a Sailor so bold.

My Mother she's left me ten thousand Pounds Sterling
 My Uncle he's left me as much more ;
 No longer I'll tarry, but the Sailor I'll marry,
 For he is the riches I do adore.

Unknown to her Father she took the young Sailor,
 And now he's dress'd out as fine as a King ;
 Without a Miscarriage they had a fine Marriage,
 The rarest in Bristol that ever was seen.

But after the Bedding and tail of the Wedding,
 Her Father came in the very next day,
 Without any Bidding, says, how goes your Wedding,
 Come tell me, come tell me, dear Daughter I pray.

Dear Father I've married a youth of great spirit,
 For he is a Statesman above my degree ;
 I ne'er was deserving of such a Preferment,
 No, yet I am worthy his bride for to be.

With that the old Father enquired of the Sailor,
 Of his extraction and what Family ;
 I am son of Adam that courted this Madam,
 And come with submission your son for to be.

From the wide Ocean I gain'd this Promotion,
 Upon the proud waves where Cannons do roar ;
 And without any portion I married your Daughter,
 For she has my heart, and I can love no more,

Then said her old Father thou has gained my Favour
 Besides the whole rights of my Houses and Land,
 Along with his daughter he gave this fine Charter,
 Unto the Young Sailor as I understand.

He said my brave hero, since thou loves thy marrow,
 And call her the whole delight of thy soul,
 Come let us be jolly, and drown Melancholy,
 And crown all our Joys in a full flowing Bowl.